

## THIS "WHITE HOPE" HELD UP A LINER FOR WHOLE HOUR

Would Mr. Fitzsimmons Get Up? He Wouldn't for Six Husky Stewards.

AND HE DIDN'T, EITHER.

Health Officers Didn't See Him Till 14 Men Brought Bed and All on Deck.

The Cunard liner Franconia arrived today from Liverpool, coming by way of the Cape of Good Hope. In the steerage was Bernard Fitzsimmons, thirty-three years old, a huge Welshman, he was, and fit by his stature and prowess to join the list of white hopes. He held up the steamer in the North River for a full hour, but he's had his fun and now he may be held up for a week. The Franconia anchored at Quarantine last night. Bright and early the health officers were aboard and all hands were mustered, so that the vessel might quickly go to her dock. In single file all the passengers passed by the inspectors. Then, when a comparison was made with the passenger list, it was found that there was one shy. He was Barney Fitzsimmons and he was sent for, in the steerage. Right roughly, the first steward, who entered his sleeping quarters, ripped the blankets from him and yelled at him: "Here, get out of this. You're delaying the ship!"

Barney Fitzsimmons sat bolt upright in bed.

"What d'ye mean, disturbing me at this ungodly hour?" he yelled back. "Get to—out of here! I never get up before nine o'clock any morning."

The steward didn't stand on any ceremony of "getting." He got. When he reported on deck, the quarantine officials couldn't see any humor in the situation. Six stewards were sent into the steerage to bring the recalcitrant on deck by force. Bring him any way they were told. But BRING him!

Down into the depth went the allies. They pulled the bedclothes off the side partner of Morpheus and dragged him out on the floor.

Barney Fitzsimmons was indignant at this. He let out right and left with both feet, so he did.

"Call me at nine o'clock!" he yelled at the last disappearing steward.

The quarantine officials were non-plussed. They didn't know what to do, so they sent a message ashore to Dr. Frank O'Connell, Health Officer of the Port. The case interested him.

"Bring him on deck," he said, when he had heard the particulars. "We'll take him ashore and examine him."

The six stewards turned pale. They had heard that order before. They

didn't want any more of Mr. Fitzsimmons, the complacent foot-fighting gentleman from Wales. But sailors and stewards, to the number of fourteen, mustered and marched down to the steerage.

They didn't pull the blankets from Fitz. They rolled him up in the blankets. They made a straitjacket of the blankets and he couldn't use his hands or his feet. They carried him up to the deck by sheer strength of numbers. They won from Fitzsimmons on a foul. In vain did the Welshman protest. The time had gone by for protesting. They piloted him down the ship's ladder and he got some bumps in the descent. In indignation and underclothes he was landed on the tug and his clothes soon followed him.

## JAPANESE KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE IN FRONT OF SHERRY'S

Antique Merchant Tried to Cross Fifth Avenue in Midst of Traffic.

Katsu Takahara, a Japanese dealer in Oriental goods and an expert on art pottery of China and Japan, started across Fifth avenue at Forty-fourth street about 10:30 o'clock this morning while two streams of automobiles and carriages were passing north and south.

Policeman Clark, in charge of traffic regulations there, tried to stop the Japanese, but as the policeman hurried toward him, dodging vehicles himself, Takahara stepped in front of an automobile which bowled him over, one of the front wheels passing over his neck.

Two women in the car screamed and the chauffeur guided the car to the curb, where he stopped it while Clark carried the Japanese to the sidewalk and laid him down beneath the windows of Sherry's.

For twenty minutes the body of the Japanese lay on the sidewalk, surrounded by a curious crowd. Then Dr. Taylor arrived from Flower Hospital and said the man had been killed instantly. His neck had been broken.

The chauffeur was Edward Thompson and drove for Samuel Feinberg of No. 850 Northern avenue, the Bronx. The women said they were relatives of Mr. Feinberg but refused to tell their names.

Takahara's body was carried to the East Fifty-first street police station. He was fifty-eight years old and had been a resident of this city for many years. He had a shop at No. 960 Sixth avenue.

OFF TO JOIN GERMAN FLEET. KIEL, Germany, April 7.—The German cruiser Strassburg and Dresden sailed from this port today to join the other German warships in the Mediterranean.

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## ROBBED IN WICKED CITY, FARMER, AS DETECTIVE, RUNS DOWN THIEF

After Losing Watch and Bank Roll, Lang Captures Man He Says Stole Them.

"Yes, sir," remarked Joseph Lang, a farmer of Rosedale, N. J., in West Side Police Court today. "I'd always heard that New York was a wicked city and now, by golly, I know it."

Mr. Lang was in court as the complainant against John Thompson, accused of highway robbery. Thompson was held for further examination and to allow the police an opportunity to catch two other men who are said to have assisted him in stealing a gold watch and chain and \$100 from Lang.

The Rosedale farmer came to New York yesterday, on his way to Germany, where he is to collect a legacy. When he stepped off the West Forty-second street ferry he looked like Josh Whitcomb come to life. He carried a carpet bag, wore rubber boots and long whiskers depended from his chin.

Lang says Thompson accosted him and told him he would be arrested if he appeared on Broadway in rubber boots and whiskers on Sunday. The farmer was agreeable to the suggestion that he visit a barber shop. He says Thompson lured him into a passageway between two buildings near the ferry, where they were joined by two other men, and at the conclusion of the scene Lang was out his gold watch and chain and his \$100 bank roll.

After reporting the robbery to the police, Lang had his whiskers shaved off and went out sleuthing. Late last night he saw Thompson in West Forty-third street, near Tenth avenue, and had him arrested.

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## THREE FIRES FOUND AT ONCE IN CLOSET, HALL AND KITCHEN

Each Starts in Pile of Paper in Tenement House—Tenants Put Them Out.

Dr. Reginald Schuffler and his wife were asleep in their apartment on the top floor of a five-story house at No. 224 West Seventeenth street early this morning when they were awakened by the smell of smoke. Dr. Schuffler ran to the hall, where he found a pile of papers burning briskly outside the door of the adjacent apartment, which is unoccupied. He and Mrs. Schuffler shouted and aroused the tenants, who started a bucket brigade.

Patrolman McGuire of the West Seventeenth street station broke the charred door down and it was found that there were two other fires in the empty apartment—one in the kitchen and one in a closet—all of which had been started with piles of paper. McGuire had turned in an alarm, but before the arrival of the apparatus the tenants put out the fires.

Mrs. Bridget Hickey, the landlady, told the police that it was the third fire of suspicious origin in a year. The last one was in February.

BURGULARS FOILED BY SCRUBWOMAN.

The fact that Francesca Vittek is an industrious young woman, accustomed to beginning her work at 4:30 o'clock in the morning, foiled three burglars today and saved the proprietors of the Cafe Boulevard over \$200, which the burglars were about to extract from the safe. Francesca's alarm frightened the burglars away, they leaving behind two

faux mustaches, two powerful jimmies, a brace and a number of fine bits, but no fingerprints or other clues.

The Cafe Boulevard, at Second avenue and Ninth street, has an office back of the cigar stand on the second floor. The burglars obtained entrance through a rear window of the dining room. Because of the Mayor's new closing law the restaurant was closed at 1 o'clock this morning and all the help in the building were asleep.

Francesca Vittek is a scrubwoman. She got up at 4:30 o'clock to-day and went downstairs in her bare feet to begin her daily task of cleaning up. She walked right in on the burglars.

They did not hear her until she gave a gasp and started to return to the upper part of the building. "Come back here," called one of the burglars, sharply. Instead, Francesca began the ascent of the stairs two at a time, screaming at every jump.

At her first scream the burglars fled by the way they had entered. The safe was on its back with part of the outer sheathing of the door pried off.

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## THOUSANDS RELY UPON POS-LAM

Poslam is the first thought of thousands whenever the skin ails. Anyone who will appreciate why this is so after sending to the Emergency Laboratories, 32 West 45th Street, New York City, for a free sample and seeing its work demonstrated in the quick removal of pimples, rashes, eruptions, undue redness or in clearing the complexion overnight. Worst cases of eczema, tetter, scabies, itch and like surface skin troubles yield to Poslam readily, itching being stopped at once.

POS-LAM SOAP is the soap of soaps for daily use, toilet and bath, as a means of improving color and texture of the skin and assuring its continued health. Absolutely pure, it derives its rare beneficial effects from medication with Poslam. Soothes tender skin. Best for infants.

All druggists sell Poslam (price 50 cents) and Poslam Soap (price 25 cents.)

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